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THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.

By THE AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD,' &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—IN CRAVEN.

'Who travels by Donnerblick Sears, takes a bad road,' runs a local proverb in Craven; and, like most proverbs, it contains a half-truth. The cart-track is, in fact, so wretched, that it has no right to the name of road, especially, too, since in the winter-time it is not used by man at all, but is in the sole occupation of a mountain-torrent. Such being the case even at this present, when Craven (British, *Craigvan*, 'District of Rocks') is the summer haunt of tourists, demanding to be carried everywhere in wheeled conveyances, we may imagine it was no better in the year of grace 1820. At that very date, however, and somewhere about midnight in September, two travellers might have been seen (for luckily for them there was a moon), essaying that ill-reputed way in a gig. Western Yorkshire, as many people are aware, does not fringe the sea-coast, and yet upon the left hand of the wayfarers arose a wall of cliff, as sheer and massive as any which opposes itself to ocean; scattered fragments of rock, too, similar to those which are found on the sea-beach, strewed the track, and in such numbers as to be unavoidable. What there was of roadway, independent of these, was a natural limestone pavement, with fissures in it at unequal intervals. The vehicle, one would have thought, must have been made of boxwood at least to have resisted such continuous shocks; and how the springs stood, would have been a marvel to such as were unacquainted with the fact that the gig had no springs.

'Now, Cator, pull up, and let me out,' cried one of the inmates, after a concussion which made every timber in the homely conveyance rattle and creak. 'I'd rather get along upon all-fours, if that be necessary, than sit through another jolt like that. Come, let me out, I say.'

The tone was that of would-be determination, that mixture of peremptoriness and conciliation

which is the certain index of a dependent mind. The reply was equally significant of a disposition dogged and obstinate, not easily moulded to another's hand, but once being so, fitted to be its instrument for bad or good, without much scruple.

'Sit where ye be, I say. My orders were, I was never to lose hold on ye, for that ye were unfitted to walk alone.'

'But look you, sirrah— Thunder! What a bump! I protest I thought my collar-bone was broken. How dare you talk to me in that fashion? Am not I your master, sir?'

'Ay, ay, that's like enough; but my orders come from the master of both of us. Sit you down, I say;' and the driver seized the other's wrist, as he strove to rise, and forced him down with iron grip on to the seat again.

'Well, upon my word, this is pretty treatment,' observed the victim querulously; 'it really is, Cator. Why, you couldn't treat me much worse if I was one of the patients.'

'Well!' cried the driver, slapping his thigh, 'but that is a good one; couldn't treat you much worse!' Here he laughed so loud and harshly, that the mountain-walls were forced, though sullenly enough, to re-echo his cheerless mirth. 'Ah, Mr Clement Carr, but I think I could.'

'Don't laugh like that,' exclaimed his companion earnestly; 'don't do it; pray, don't; and don't talk of such things. My brother said we were never to talk of them, even to one another.'

'Ah, did he?' replied the man that was called Cator, in a sobered tone. 'Well, then, I ax his pardon. Mr Gideon is a knowing one, he is, else what could be the harm of talking about any mortal thing on Donnerblick Sears at midnight, with nobody but the devil—who knows all about us already, I reckon—within hearing, is more than I can tell, and immensely ludicrous.'

'Cator, be quiet, I say,' interrupted Mr Carr almost with a scream. 'Don't speak of anything like that—anything dreadful, I mean.'

'Then I shall talk like a parson to the end of this journey, that's certain, Mr Clement. There is no turnpike, or anything like it, between this and Clyffe Hall. Why, you're never satisfied; you ain't. You didn't like the moor-track, as we came along, any better, just because it was a little slushy-like.'

'It was a quagmire,' answered the other, shuddering at the bare recollection; 'it was a shaking, quaking swamp.'

'Ay, and I know who was a shaking, quaking summut else,' replied the other maliciously. 'Just in that 'ere place, when I was a-telling you that pretty story about the young woman and her sweetheart, who was lost in that very quag years and years ago, and was dug out since, only the other day, as one might say, all fresh and pleasant, only a trifle browned with the peat, and all of a sudden we plumped in up to the axles—my life, didn't you turn a pretty colour!'

Again Mr Cator relieved his feelings by peal after peal of discordant laughter, and again the unwilling rocks returned his mirth.

'This is truly horrible,' observed Mr Clement Carr, as he clung in an agony of terror to the side-rail of the gig, which was now descending a sort of precipice—'to travel such a road as this in company with such a man!'

He spoke in a tone of pious reprobation, such as would have galled most people clothed with any remnant of self-respect. But Mr Cator, who had long parted with his last rag, only laughed the more. 'Well, of all the lily-livered chaps as ever I came across, strike me blind, but you are'—

'Don't,' groaned the other, the image of his companion, sightless, immediately presenting itself before him. 'There's lightning in the air. Pray, don't. How should I ever find my way alone out of this howling wilderness?'

'Ay, howling it is,' rejoined the driver, looking over his shoulder grimly at his unconscious companion—a short but corpulent man of middle age, who might be termed 'gentleman,' so far as a new suit of black broadcloth and a decent hatband could carry him towards that social elevation—'you never spoke a truer word than that, Mr Clement. Have you not heard strange sounds ever since we passed the Kirkstane, like the rushing and rolling of thunder?'

'Yes, Cator, yes. I thought—and hoped—it was only a sort of singing in my own ears. What is it, my good friend?—what on earth is it?'

'It's nothing on Earth, Mr Clement,' responded the other gravely; 'it's the waters underneath us on their way to Hell Gates.'

'Heaven forgive me, the man's gone mad!' ejaculated the stout man, the thin red lines which were his lips growing white with fear.

'Well, and what if I *was* mad, Mr Clement?' pursued the other with a leer. 'You would know how to quiet me, I suppose, as well as any man except Mr Gideon; that is to say, you would, if you had me at the Dene, although here, perhaps, I should rather have the advantage of you, being the more powerful of the two. My life, but it would be a pretty game if you were to be paid out for all your tricks in that very way! Think of

one of those poor wretches whom we have left behind us yonder catching you here alone, under the harvest-moon, and settling his long account against you, for'—

'You're not to talk about it, Cator; you're not to talk about it,' interrupted the other piteously; 'and besides, we do it all for their good; and if I do but get safe home, it shall never be done again, so help me—it never shall!'

'Well, you *are* a clever one,' observed the driver admiringly, 'and you've a certain pluck about you—that I will say, although you are such an everlasting coward. Now, to think of your attempting to gammon Providence in that way! It's a cut above me, and that's a fact. I shouldn't have the face to set about it. Why, you know as well as I do, that if you only get safe out of this bad road and indifferent company, and once find yourself in clover again at the Dene, you'll be worse than ever; for won't you be taking it out of them as is left, for all the terrors you have suffered in bringing this news of "our dear lamented friend as has exchanged our humble guardianship for a place where we are assured even yet more tender care will be taken of him!" The sanctimonious snuffle with which these last words were delivered proclaimed them at once to be a quotation from Mr Clement Carr himself, whose ordinary speech, when not under the influence of alarm, it really rather happily parodied. So delighted, at all events, was Mr Cator with the success of the imitation, that he indulged himself with another of his joyless screeches. This was duly reverberated, as usual, with the addition of a curious humming sound not discernible in the original. 'There,' observed Mr Cator triumphantly; 'that's what comes of trying to gammon Providence. There's Hell Gates a-biling.'

'I trust the ground may not open,' ejaculated the stout man piously—'I only trust the ground mayn't open with using such wicked words.'

'But that's the very thing it's a-going to do,' returned the other with a sneer; 'so what's the use of trusting? Here we are, look, at the very edge of Boden Pot—otherwise called Hell Gates—and it's a sight to be seen. Ain't the ground just opened with a vengeance, eh, Mr Clement?'

Upon the right-hand side of the cart-track, and separated from it by no fence of any kind, gaped a huge elliptical chasm, far down in which the unseen water was bubbling and simmering as though it indeed did boil.

'Would you not like to step out now, and just crane over a bit?' inquired the last speaker maliciously, pulling the powerful black mare he drove so suddenly up, that she reared within a few feet of the frightful cavity. 'Why, darned, if the man isn't shutting his eyes!—shutting his eyes, but moving his lips. Why, you ain't a-gammoning Providence *again*, surely! There, that's right; take a good long look at it. People come from miles away, and spend a deal o' money to see Boden Pot, even when it ain't a-biling as it is to-night. But you're in luck, you are.'

If Mr Clement Carr, part proprietor of that famous private asylum for the nobility and gentry of aberrated intellect called the Dene, Yorkshshire, was in luck upon the present occasion, his countenance exhibited no vulgar triumph, or even complacency. In fact, if we had not had the word of the veracious Mr Cator to the contrary, one would

have pronounced him to have been in the worst luck conceivable, so abject was his appearance, as, clinging to his favourite rail, and bowing his whole weight on the side of the gig most remote from the object of his terrors, he regarded the curious natural phenomenon thus presented to his notice.

'I was born and bred in Craven myself,' continued the keeper—for such was the position which the driver of the vehicle occupied when at the Dene—and yet I have never seen this sight but once before. There must ha' been a deal of rain on the moors of late, that's certain. There's always rain enough, of course; for all the underground rivers as you have heard a-rushing beneath you—the singing in your ears, as you called it—empty themselves here. But as for biling, that's rare.'

'I have quite satisfied my curiosity, Cator,' observed Mr Carr in a hollow voice, and speaking with no little difficulty, on account of a tendency of his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

'Very good, sir,' replied the other, with mock respect. 'I am sure your wish is my law; only, Mr Gideon said I was to take the greatest care of this here mare; and she's come a long way, and wants rest; and here's a nice bit of level ground—there is not much of it in Craven—as seems to be put a-purpose for her to rest upon. I'm sure you wouldn't be cruel to animals, Mr Clement; cruelty is something totally foreign to your nature; "our system is opposed to violence of all description"—here he snuffled again—'so let us bide a bit, and wait for the Boggart.'

'The Boggart!' whispered Mr Clement hoarsely, casting an apprehensive glance about him for an instant, and then refixing his gaze upon the chasm, as though fascinated by its horrid depths—'what is the Boggart?'

'When I have lit my pipe,' returned Mr William Cator, suiting the action to the word, 'I shall be delighted to give you all the information in my power. What a' (puff, whiff) 'fortunate man you are to visit Craven for the first time with a guide like me!'

CHAPTER II.—CURIOUS POST-MORTEM ADVENTURE OF MR GUY CLYFFARD.

'The Boggart,' commenced Mr William Cator calmly, 'is what is more generally known as the Devil; but while he is in these parts, he goes by the former name, as a sort of territorial title. When he is not elsewhere, hereabouts—at Staynton Hole, Ribbleside Pit (which you should see, by the by), or Withgill Wells, all country-seats of his in these parts—he is sure to be in Boden Pot. See how white the water churns down yonder, just where the moon catches it, like the froth on a madman's lips! One hundred and eighty feet sheer, they say, Mr Clement, from where the rank grass ceases to grow; and there, at the very edge, do you see a footprint deep in the stone, with the toes pointing downward?'

Following the direction of the speaker's finger, his companion could just discover a bare spot something of the shape of a human foot. The suggestion of a fellow-creature having ever stood in such a position might have sent a chill to a bolder heart than Mr Carr's.

'I see, I see—it is too frightful,' answered he hastily; 'it looks like certain death.'

'I should think it did,' remarked Mr Cator

drily; 'and it would have been death, too, if the man had not been dead already.'

'Dead already?' echoed the other. 'How could a dead man plant a footstep like that?'

'Ah, how, indeed, Mr Clement? You must ask the judge before whom the case was tried a century and half ago. Now, think of your not knowing that, and you a relative by marriage of the party in question! I don't mean the Boggart—although I have seen you under circumstances when you might have passed for own brother to him—but Guy Clyffard of Clyffe, an ancestor of the very man whose sudden and deplorable death—'

'Heaven is my witness that could not be helped!' interrupted his companion earnestly. 'He brought it upon himself, Cator. It was a question of his life or ours.—Don't you think the mare is sufficiently rested, my good friend? The moon is sinking; it is getting sensibly darker.'

'Did not I say "sudden and deplorable," Mr Clement? Why, you could not have caught me up more sharply, if I had hinted at a crowner's 'quest. Guy Clyffard, then, was a far-away ancestor, although in the direct line, of our late lamented friend and patient; and if there had been such an establishment as the Dene in those days, ought most certainly to have been placed there under—what is our phrase?—judicious moral restraint. But there was no benevolent institution of the kind then extant, and so this mad fellow went at large. I can't tell you what he did, or rather what he did not do, to make Satan his friend, but it is certain he brought the Curse upon the Clyffards. There's an ugly story about his having left a mother and child in the caves under Ribble Forest yonder, to find their way out by themselves; but, at all events, he was not a moral character, like you and me. He married a queer wife, too. The Clyffards have often done that, although it is only of late years that they have married beneath them—nay, don't be angry, Mr Clement; I mean no offence to Miss Grace as was—but in that respect Guy Clyffard outdid them all. No pair were ever so cordially hated as they by the whole Fell-side. Well, after a pretty long lease of life, and having sowed his full crop of tares, as a parson would say, the Squire fell sick, and was not expected to recover. About that time, on a certain day in June, one Mr Howarth (his family live in Thorpdale yet) was otter-hunting in Boden Beck—it breaks into the open both above and below the Pot here, and is still famed for otters—and there was a matter of four-and-twenty folk with him on foot and on horseback. While they were at check, not a hundred yards from where we are standing now, a couple of men came running up the Fell with exceeding swiftness.

'These be well winded,' said Howarth to his huntsman; 'never did I see men run so fast before.'

'Why, Heaven save us! the one in gray is Squire Guy Clyffard,' replied the huntsman. 'And who is he in black that follows him so close?'

'But nobody answered that, although all the hunt had got their eyes fixed upon the advancing pair. They ran on at headlong speed right towards the Pot (it was not called Hell Gates then), and Guy's face looked like a hunted hare's, they said, so it is like he knew who was behind him; then he fled down the cleft, though all cried out to him to stop, and into the yawning gulf, as if for shelter, and that was his last footstep which is

printed there. There was no other mark or sign, though the man in black took the same road. Clyffard's Leap they sometimes call it. There was no more otter-hunting after that; but Howarth goes straight home, and tells his wife he is sure the Squire is dead, for he has just seen him chased by the devil into Boden Pot. And sure enough he had breathed his last in Clyffe Hall at that very time. You may suppose how this was talked of over all the Fell-side; so much so, that Madam Clyffard, the widow, she brought her action against Mr Howarth for publishing the scandal, that he had seen her deceased husband driven into hell; and the defence set up was this, *that he had so seen him*. She laid the damages at five thousand pounds. It was tried before Judge Boltby at York in 1687. The witnesses for Madam were the doctor and other two, who had been with the Squire when he died. He had refused to go to bed, and insisted upon being dressed in a new gray hunting-suit, in which to take the field the moment he felt better. But Howarth, on his part, had his four-and-twenty men, of whom the huntsman and many others swore to the very buttons on the said suit, which they had observed were covered with the same sort of cloth whereof the coat was made. It was impossible to resist such testimony; and the judge gave in to it like the rest. "Lord have mercy upon me!" said he, "and grant I may never see what you have seen: one or two may be mistaken, but five-and-twenty cannot be mistaken." So Madam Clyffard lost her cause.

"But the Boggart!" exclaimed Mr Clement, enthralled, despite his terrors, by this singular narrative.

"Well, the Boggart has haunted Boden ever since. Do you see these stones, as large as eggs, which he has cast up from the water in his rage; and listen! you will hear him cursing to himself far down in the depths of Hell Gates."

The bubbling and boiling had by this time subsided, but as the pair listened attentively, a dull monotonous sound—doubtless the glugging of the swollen pool against the rock—could be distinctly heard. The two men listened for a little in total silence; then "Come up, mare, come up," ejaculated Mr William Cator; "master has had enough of the Boggart."

Master had had so much of him, that he never spoke a word until the dark and perilous way lay well behind them, and they were moving swiftly along upon what was by comparison a level road.

"Are there no more boulders, or underground rivers, or Pots, William?" inquired Mr Clement Carr, with assumed carelessness.

"Nothing more, sir," replied his companion, with some tinge of conventional respect apparent in his tones for the first time. "I thought you would think it rather a wild journey over them Fells."

"If I ever come that accursed road again," exclaimed Mr Clement, breathing very hard, and shaking his fist in the direction from which they came, "may the Fiend in truth fly away with me, as those otter-hunting fools fancied they saw him!"

"I say," interrupted Mr William Cator, checking his steed for the second time; "just you take care what you're talking about."

"Why? where? what?" interrogated the other apprehensively. "You told me that there was nothing more to be alarmed at."

"Don't you go making a jest in the place we're

coming to, of what happened to Guy Clyffard, Mr Clement. The Clyffards are an old family, and hug their traditions after a fashion which you mayn't understand. They're particular proud, I believe, of the ancestor who brought the Curse upon them. If he didn't go downward by way of Boden Pot, it is certain that he took some other road to the same place; but it was a fine thing, and a compliment to the Clyffards to be fetched by the Prince of Darkness."

"I am sure they are welcome to any superstitions they please," observed the other with a grating laugh. "Folly of that sort is always a step in the right direction, and I trust that one member of the family, at least, may always qualify himself for a residence at the Dene."

"Ay, you may call it superstition, Mr Clement Carr; but if you had lived boy and man for a quarter of a century within a mile of Clyffe Hall, you would not be so glib with your tongue."

"You are an ignorant and uneducated man, Cator," returned the other loftily, "and therefore such credulity, fostered by local prejudice, is in your case only natural."

"Very good, Mr Clement," answered the other drily. "Perhaps we shall differ less about this matter to-morrow morning."

"Why to-morrow morning less than now, my good Cator?" inquired the other, with an air of careless patronage.

"Because you will have slept upon it, sir, which is said to often alter a man's opinion, and more especially as you will have done so in Clyffe Hall."

"But there's nothing against the Hall, my good Cator, is there? Mrs Clyffard has never breathed a syllable of anything unpleasant?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing, except those tales which 'credulity, fostered by local prejudice,' is so apt to invent, and which 'ignorant and uneducated' folks are so ready to believe.—But yonder is Clyffe Hall itself: we shall have a couple of hours' sleep before daybreak yet, if we push on."

"I shall not go to bed to-night," said Mr Clement Carr decisively; "it will scarcely be worth while."

Mr William Cator chuckled aloud.

"And look you, Cator, perhaps our staying in the house may be looked upon as an intrusion at this period of family affliction. To-morrow night we will sleep at the inn."

"There is no inn, Mr Clement," returned the driver maliciously. "Here are the Lodge gates; please to hold the reins, while I get out and ring the bell."

THE LOFFODEN ISLES.

AFTER passing the little town of Bodö, lat. 67 degrees, the traveller bound for the far north will have his attention forcibly arrested by a gigantic and apparently unbroken line of rock, extending as far as the eye can reach in one continuous mass towards the north. On a nearer approach, however, he will find that what seemed to him to resemble a colossal fortress with protruding bastions and lofty turrets, is, in fact, a collection of rocky and barren islands, of all sizes, and of the most fantastic shapes, intersected by bays and narrow channels in every possible direction. Scarcely anywhere will his eye be able to penetrate into the interior, on account of the lofty cliffs that surround them, and which raise their frowning heads aloft to a height of two or three thousand

feet. Nowhere, perhaps, does nature assume such a savage appearance—nowhere does she present herself under a more appalling form. There is a savage earnestness about the whole landscape. In vain will the eye scan the perpendicular cliffs in search for some green smiling plot to relieve the monotony of the scene. Nothing grows upon them, or, at most, only a patch of rank grass here and there, high up in some rocky ledge, accessible to none but the mountain goat.

Such is the sea-ward aspect which the Loffodens present, that group of rock-bound isles in the Arctic Sea, where the sea-birds and the fishing-eagle have their proper homes; and yet there is a considerable interest attached to them, apart from their imposing, though sullen grandeur. Stern and majestic as they seem, barren and forbidding though they be, they afford a mine of wealth. It is there that the great cod-fishery is carried on which is the life and sustenance of thousands, and which forms the principal source of wealth to the kingdom of Norway. Indeed, as may be imagined from a consideration of the physical configuration of that country, but a very small portion of it is adapted for tillage. The numerous mountain-ranges, lakes, and extensive pine forests with which Norway abounds, occupy so large a proportion of its superficial area, that but an insignificant remainder is left in which agriculture is possible; in fact, out of an area of 121,800 square miles, but 1000 square miles represents the whole tillable area of land in the country. It is true the timber-trade may be reckoned as a very important branch of national industry, but this occupies only a subordinate place, when compared with the fisheries carried on along the north-western coast, between lat. 65 degrees and lat. 70 degrees; and thus it is that though the population of Norway amounts to but one and a half million of souls, her mercantile marine ranks third in importance and in numbers among the states of Europe.

To an Englishman, or rather to an English Boy, the idea that came uppermost to the mind, but a few years back, when the name of the Loffoden Islands was mentioned, was the famous Maelström, that wondrous pool, within whose mighty swirl ships and whales danced round and round like pease in a boiling caldron. Alas that the pleasing romance of our old-fashioned geography-books should turn out to be untrue! Every year, hundreds of our countrymen row over it, doubtless even bathe in it, for, except at certain periods, and under certain conditions of wind and tide, it is comparatively harmless.

For a distance of sixty or seventy miles from their southernmost point, the bottom of the sea, between the islands and the mainland, shelves from forty to sixty fathoms in depth; and it is just here where the famous bank runs which to the Northman is his farm and merchandise; whence he draws all his supplies; and without which the unfruitful provinces of Finnmarken and Nordland would be uninhabited by aught save sea-fowl, wolves, and bears. Immediately after Christmas, the neighbouring inhabitants begin to use their deep-sea lines to ascertain whether the fish have arrived, and the first cod that is brought ashore is hailed as a joyful earnest of future success.

No one knows from what quarter the fish come; they have never been noticed in any of the numerous channels which run in amongst the islands;

and further, no shoals of cod-fish have ever been seen below Röst, the southernmost island of the group. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the old fishermen, for instance, say that it is owing to the springs that trickle down from the surrounding heights, and form a layer of fresh water at the bottom of the sea, and which the cod-fish resort to with eagerness to deposit their roe. Be the cause, however, what it may, certain is it that every year, as regularly as Christmas comes round, the shoals begin to make their appearance there—not all at once, indeed, but in detachments, and continue doing so till the middle of March.

As far back as the history of the country can be traced, the Loffodens have been noted for their fishery; and though in some years the take has been comparatively small to that of others, yet the cod-fish have never failed to visit their favourite haunt. Their irregular appearance has been attributed to a multiplicity of reasons, among the most unreasonable of which, perhaps, was the introduction of steam-boats along the coast; indeed, so firmly did the fishermen believe this to be the case, that they actually drew up a petition to government, in which it was 'prayed that the obnoxious steamers should not be allowed to run near the bank during the fishing-season;' and indeed, even at the present day, the stopping-stations of the boats in these parts are altered, during the first three months of the year, to accommodate the superstitious whims of this conservative class. Strange that they should never have thought, that from fishing on the same ground for a continuous number of years, an immense mass of nets, fishing-implements, and dead fish must necessarily accumulate, which, in course of time, generating a most detestable stink, may deter the cod-fish from resorting to their usual haunts in such numbers. But the Norwegian fishermen are not the only people who have made the invention of steam a scapegoat on which to lay their sins. Towards the end of March, the spawning season commences, when the sea is actually discoloured for miles and miles. The greatest quantity is taken at this time. Towards the beginning of April, it perceptibly decreases, and by the middle of the month, the season is over.

I have already stated that the native fishermen (let us term them so in distinction to those who come from other parts) begin about Christmas-time to think of the fishing; indeed, for some little time before, there begins to be a stir in their huts; fishing-implements are overhauled, the provision-chest got ready, skin-coats mended, and boats put in order, till at length, all preparations being made, nothing is wanting but a favourable breeze. Some wish for a north wind, others for a south wind, so that if Providence were to accommodate all their wishes, the weather-cocks would have a trying time of it. At length it blows from a quarter whence the greater part can take advantage of it. In a trice, boats are launched, everything needful put on board, and the last affectionate farewell interchanged with those who are left behind, and who crowd down to the beach to catch a last glance of their dear ones. Here and there among them may be seen a gray-haired old man, whose fishing-days are over now, but whose flashing eyes and eager glance seem to say that he would fain be with them, if he could; while by his side stands his little grandson, who looks at the

receding boat, and longs for the time to come when he will be big enough to 'go along with father' as boat-lad. The fishermen are generally well equipped for their journey. Their long, pliant, narrow boats are exactly suited to ride through those heavy seas; while the rigging, a simple square sail, is admirably adapted for the fierce gusts of wind that dash down avalanche-like from the lofty heights, lashing the sea into foam. Still, many a family has to mourn every year the loss of a father, husband, or lover. Sometimes tidings reach them of the bereavement they have undergone, but most frequently nothing is heard of the absent ones till the fishing season is over. Then, as the boats come in, one after the other, one is missing, and no tidings of it can be learned. In vain do the heartbroken relatives clamber up some hill or mountain side, and strain their eyes over the sea to catch a glimpse of the well-known sail: it is nowhere to be seen! Till at last the conviction flashes home across the desolate widow's mind, 'that father will never come back.' Still, even then, her half-grown boy, who had been too young to go out with the others that year, will seek to comfort her with the assurance, 'that he'll be big enough to go out next winter, even though he will not earn full wages.'

The fishermen who come from a distance use generally five-oared boats, whereas the Loffoden islanders employ smaller ones. The former are made of fir or pine, and are very thin and light. They have one mast, and a single square sail. The steersman acts as commander; indeed, he is the only one who has any authority over the others; and his word is law. It might not unnaturally be imagined that the oldest and most experienced would be chosen to fill this arduous post; but such is not the case. In the first place, a fisherman's life is a very wearing one, and old age soon comes on; indeed, after fifty years, a man is considered to be unfit for service; and, secondly, strange as it may seem, the older people have a greater dread of death than the younger ones, and are therefore more apt to lose their presence of mind when it is most needed.

The choice of captain rests with the crew, and they seldom choose wrong. No accidental or external superiority is of any avail among them; and the master has often to occupy the most unimportant place in the boat, while the serving-lad fills the responsible post of captain; while many a tall strong man has to obey the word of command given by a weakly stripling. Such a thing as rebellion against the captain's authority is unknown.

By the end of January, the whole fishing population is assembled. On a computation, it may safely be said that four thousand boats partake in the fishery every year; and as each boat contains, on an average, not less than five men, the total number of persons employed may be estimated at twenty thousand. It may not unreasonably be asked, how are such a large gathering to find shelter and sustenance on these barren rocky islands? In the first place, they manage as best they can, and as their wants and requirements are but few, it does not take much to satisfy them. In the second place, there is not a creek or bay where a temporary storehouse is not erected, around which are grouped numbers of small huts, especially adapted for the reception of the fishermen. The following is a faithful picture of them. Imagine a small, low,

log-built hut, one story in height, and with a peat-covered roof, surrounded by a passage, as in a bungalow, where the nets, &c., are stowed away; one door, and a window about the size of your hand, and you will have an exact representation of the exterior of a Loffoden fisherman's hut. The floor inside is the bare earth; along the walls run two rows of berths, or rather wooden boxes, supplied with straw, where the men sleep. In the centre stands the stove, immediately over which a hole, cut through the roof, affords a passage for the smoke to escape, and at the same time shews a square patch of sky to the inmates. In such a chamber, six or twelve men, according to circumstances, will take up their abode for the two or three months; though how they can manage to stow themselves away with any degree of comfort in such a small space, perhaps only those who have made the economy of necessity their special study, can fully understand; and if one takes into consideration the state of the atmosphere in these crowded abodes, and the exhalations that proceed from the damp and fishy clothes of the men, it may well be supposed that a Loffoden fishing-hut is not the most delectable lodging in the world. The fishermen, however, are well satisfied.

As soon as ever the first glimpse of dawn appears in the sky, the lad of the party gets up to prepare the coffee, that national beverage, without which, perhaps, not a single Norwegian, be he rich or poor, begins the day. When this is ready, the men get up too. It takes them but a little while to adjust their toilets, which, in fact, consist of nothing but a shake, and the putting on of the fishing-boots. They then swallow their coffee, and with a keg of water and a supply of biscuits, hasten down to the boats. It is a sight worth seeing, on a bright, clear winter's morning, to behold the little fleet put out to sea. Round every headland and from every creek, the boats may be seen following one after the other, till the whole expanse of water, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with sails. On arriving at the fishing-ground, each boat strikes sail, and commences hauling up the nets. When this operation is completed, the greater number return ashore, while some remain to fish with the deep-sea lines; for it is not permitted to lay nets down during the daytime. It is about noon when they get back to the huts, where the lad will have got the dinner ready; for they live well do these Loffoden fishermen, or, at all events, far better than one might suppose. Each man brings his own peculiar provision-chest, containing salted or dried mutton, pork, a plentiful supply of butter, cheese, flat-cakes, and potatoes. Dinner over, they employ themselves in preparing the fish they have caught. The head is cut off, the entrails taken out, and the liver and roe carefully placed in separate vessels. The fish is now either sold in its present raw state, to the captain of one of the numerous trading-vessels, or else is hung up to dry. One or two, however, are always preserved for a special purpose, which I will allude to directly. Towards evening the boats again put out to lay their nets down; and on returning home once more, the men repair to the nearest store, with a fresh-caught cod in hand, which they fling on the counter in exchange for a dram of 'aquavit.' For supper, some of the fish caught the same morning is the standing dish, served up with liver-sauce, and mixed with broken pieces of flat-cake.

Each morning, a signal is hoisted when the

weather is such that the boats can venture out. At the beginning of the season, it frequently happens that the weather is so stormy that not a boat can put to sea. During this time of inaction, the men chiefly employ themselves either in preparing the fish which they had not time to attend to before, or in mending their nets; though by far the greater part sleep away their time, or spend it at the store, where, with numberless pipes of tobacco, and countless bowls of coffee, the news of the day is discussed.

Sometimes, however, the weather in the early part of the morning is promising; the signal is hoisted, and the boats put out; but towards mid-day one of those fearful storms comes on which every year cost so many lives. This is especially the case with a north-westerly wind, which comes swooping down with such violence from the mountain heights, that it is impossible to row or sail against it, and the only chance of safety (but which is only had recourse to as a last extremity) is to scud before it, across Vest Fjord, for fifty or sixty miles. Not a year passes away without the sea claiming its number of victims during the winter fishery. But in some seasons the havoc is terrible; and there is not a fisherman in the Loffodens who calls to mind without a shudder February 11, 1848. How many perished then, has never been, and never will be ascertained; the very lowest estimate puts it at five hundred souls—or one out of every forty of the whole fishing population.

A fisherman who was out on that eventful day gave me a most vivid description of that fearful disaster. The energy with which he told his simple tale, and the horror that was apparent on his face, cannot of course be depicted here; but I will give the account as nearly as I can in his own words.

'There had been some coarse weather,' he said, 'for several days; but on the 11th it cleared up, and the signal was hoisted, and when our boat got out, the whole sea was covered with sails. We were well manned, and on arriving at the spot where our nets lay, we lost no time in taking them up. We were in luck that day, for in a very short time we had about two hundred large cod aboard. These fish were, under Providence, our salvation. Presently a single gust of wind came tearing over the sea, followed closely by such a storm from the north-west that none of us ever remembered to have witnessed the like. In less than five minutes the sea was covered with yeasty foam. There was no time to lose, so we cut the nets and hoisted sail. But whither should we go? "We'll try for Henningsvær," shouted the captain in a tone which seemed to imply that the risk was great; so, with shortened sail, we bore about three points off the eye of the wind, dashing through the sea at a terrific rate. On looking around, we could see that several boats were already capsized, and floating keel upwards. It was fortunate for us that we had caught so many fish, for they served admirably for ballast; but still, we all of us thought that our boat would capsize every squall that struck her. Presently we passed two boats, on the keels of which six men were sitting astraddle. They shouted to us to come to their help, and waved their arms aloft in frantic despair. Alas! it was impossible; had we attempted to rescue them, we too must have been lost. Soon after, we passed another boat, the captain of which hailed us, and said he did not know the entrance into Henningsvær.

"Follow us!" was shouted back, and that was the only answer we could give. But our boat was a better sailer, and we soon left him far astern. As we neared Henningsvær, the sea was terrific. Sure am I that we'd have been lost, had not our captain, in a voice of thunder, shouted: "Down with the sail!" and at the same moment he cut the lanyards, so that mast and all went overboard. After tremendous exertion, we managed to reach the harbour, and after a great deal of labour, landed in safety. The first thing we did was to clamber up on a rock and look out over the sea. The man who had hailed us was now close to the entrance to the channel, and we watched his movements with anxious hearts. "He is clear—he is clear!" I cried, as the boat narrowly escaped dashing against a rock. Alas! no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than boat and all disappeared from sight.

After a storm such as this, the men are terrified; though in a few days they put to sea again as usual. Still, whenever a corpse is washed ashore, or what is still commoner, when a leg with the boot still on, or an arm, is drawn up in the nets, being all that the fish have left, the memory of the fearful catastrophe touches their hearts to the quick.

Nets and lines are the implements used by the fishermen. Each net is about sixteen or twenty fathoms long, and about three feet wide. A dozen or more of these are tied together, so that the lower end reaches nearly to the bottom. Stones, or pieces of lead, are attached, to keep them in their places; while to the upper end, glass corks—that is, round glass bottles—are tied, to serve as floats. The lines are furnished with a number of hooks, tied on at stated intervals. Each line contains on an average as many as four hundred hooks, and several of them are tied together, and laid, like the nets, parallel with the shore. Some few fishermen use hand-lines during the daytime; this is called 'pilk,' and the operation is as follows: At the end of a stout line, several fathoms long (frequently of plaited horse-hair), is attached the 'pilk,' an instrument which resembles a large gorge-hook. When the line has run out, and the pilk has touched the bottom, it is then drawn up a few feet, and the fisherman commences jerking it upwards, and letting it run down again. Directly a bite is felt, he commences hauling up hand over hand as fast as he can, but a large winter cod is no light weight to pull up from a depth of forty to sixty fathoms.

In the south of Norway, I have frequently pilked for whiting and small cod in the summer or autumn, and have been amused to watch the fishermen at work on the ice in the depth of winter, wondering not a little how they could stand the cold. Indeed, they are at it from early morning till nightfall. As soon as it is light—that is, about eight o'clock in mid-winter—they may be seen setting off on their *kjolkes*—small sorts of sledges, on which they sit, and work themselves along over the smooth ice at a prodigious pace by means of two short poles, armed with spikes. Arriving at their fishing-ground, they put up a piece of sailcloth as a protection against the wind, and then breaking a hole through the ice, which is generally at that time about two or three feet in thickness, they sit down and fish the whole live-long day. Not only the poor fishermen, but several of the upper classes in Christiania, are so

fond of the sport, that they will be out fishing on the ice the greater part of the day. Of course, they are well wrapped up in furs, and it is not nearly such cold work as one might imagine; indeed, in that dry atmosphere, ten degrees of cold are not felt nearly so much as is one in our damp climate.

But to return to the Loffodens once more.

In good weather, each boat may reckon on a take of four hundred fish, though it not unfrequently happens that it may amount to more than three times that number; so that, taking the number of boats employed each day to be four thousand, and the take of each to be seven hundred fish throughout the season, but little short of three millions of cod-fish are caught each day. The cod-fish are worth, on an average, two and a half dollars the hundred in their raw state. The liver and the roe, however, are the perquisites of the fisherman. The roe is worth about two to three dollars the barrel; and three barrels of liver will yield about two of oil, the value of which is about ten dollars the barrel; and as a barrel of roe and a barrel of liver may be reckoned on from four hundred to six hundred fish, it will be seen that in a good season there is no small sum to divide among the men.

The fish that are not sold at once are hung up to dry in rows on pegs, tied two and two by the tails, two fish occupying one peg.

By the beginning of April, the fishermen commence leaving for their homes; and by the middle of the month, there is scarcely a single boat left behind. I pity the traveller from my heart who should happen to visit the Loffodens at this season. The stench from the entrails of the fish, which lie in parts in such thick masses that it actually requires wading-boots to pass through them, and which the heat of the sun has rendered a putrid mass of corruption, can be better imagined than described. It is a perfect Hinnom of abomination! No wonder that the air is actually darkened with flocks of sea-birds which crowd to the rich banquet. In the month of June, the last scene of the act is played out. On the 14th of that month, the fish are taken down from their pegs, and from all parts, boats and smacks may be seen coming to fetch their respective lots; for during all this interval of two months, the drying-fish have been left to take care of themselves, and it is a rare occurrence that any are found missing.

GOLDEN HAIR.

SPITE of Social Science gatherings and strong-minded women, Beauty will not take kindly to Philosophy; the ladies, bless them! contemptuously turn up their pretty noses at the dogmatic assertions of its priests, and delight in acting in direct opposition to their pet theories. Not long ago, the admirers of blue eyes and fair hair were disgusted by certain wise men announcing that the blonde was rapidly becoming extinct, failing to hold her own even in her native North. Let them take heart and rejoice, and laugh to scorn the evil prophecies of Darwinian doctrinaires. Fashion (with the feminine love of contradiction) has determined to thwart the disciples of the new school, and set natural selection at defiance, and the fiat has gone forth that the blonde is the true type of beauty, and golden your only hair. Amber-coloured locks are literally worth their weight in gold, and all the hair-markets of Europe are being ransacked

to enable Parisian belles to witch mankind with beauty not their own, except by right of purchase.

This rage for sunny locks is no new folly; it is but an addition to the long list of revivals this so-called age of progress has witnessed. Fashion's last freak has not even the dubious merit of novelty. The toilet-tables of would-be Greek beauties were furnished with vile compositions for transforming dark into light tresses. The ladies of Rome, afflicted with a similar madness, adopted the like practices; and Ovid bitterly complains of the result of his mistress's experiments (which seem to have been about as successful as those of Tittlebat Titmouse), turning the poet's favourite tresses to a nondescript tint, neither black nor golden, but a mixture of both, more curious than satisfactory.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, yellow hair became the rage once more, a fashion the painters did their part to perpetuate by giving golden locks to all their Madonnas, saints, and goddesses. In England, the mania lasted through Elizabeth's reign, when

Mighty hands forgot their manliness,
Drawn with the power of a heart-robbing eye,
And wrapped in fetters of a golden tress.

Not content with employing art to change the original colour of their hair, or more probably disappointed with the results of such efforts at improving nature, fashionable dames hid their despised locks with horse-hair periwigs of the coveted hue, or prevailed upon poverty's golden-haired daughters to sell them the crowning glory of their womanhood. Little children were decoyed into private places, despoiled of their hair, and sent shorn but rejoicing away, happy in the unwonted possession of a penny or two. Even the dead were not secure against the unscrupulous caterers to fashion. Does not Shakspeare tell us:

So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

A century later, taste had changed, and light hair was at a discount. 'Black hair is now in vogue amongst the most celebrated beauties,' says a writer of the time, who evidently did not share in the prevalent aversion to fairness, since he attributes it to the fancies of those who are much taken with their own complexion, 'or to the spite of some dowdies, who (perceiving all those that are yellow-haired to have fair, soft, and clear skins, as also a perpetual spring of roses and lilies blooming in their cheeks), have made it their business to impair their esteem and value, that they might engross those to themselves that otherwise would have left them sighing in languishing expectation.' This defender of the English type of beauty, when under a cloud, boldly prophesies the time would come when golden hair would again be in the ascendant, and fair dames take proper precedence of their browner sisters; and time has certainly justified his assumption of the seer's mantle.

The ancient poets, as became the descendants of the golden-tressed god, delighted in sunny-haired heroines, and their modern brethren of the lyre have followed in their wake. Tasso draws his Amazon with locks spreading like sunbeams on the wind, and decks the brows both of Erminia and the false Armida with hair of the

same bright tint. In the old romance of *King Alisaunder*, the queen Olimpius is described as yellow-haired; and in another antique romance, the author makes his disappointed empress tear her yellow hair in her passionate despair. Chaucer's *Emilie* boasted yellow hair 'a yard long, I guess;' and every one of Spenser's women are golden tressed. Shakspeare, more catholic in his tastes, loved a black-haired lady; but even he seems doubtful as to the wisdom of his admiration, as though he believed, with Bergerac, that as man must necessarily become a slave to beauty, it were far better to be deprived of liberty by golden chains than hempen cords or iron fetters. He makes false *Cressida*'s uncle assert that his niece would be more beautiful than Helen herself 'an her hair were not somewhat darker;' and we find more than one golden-haired beauty among his fair creations. Proteus's Julia has locks of perfect yellow; and both the wife and daughter of Pericles are endowed by the poet with tresses of bright gold. Lucrece's hair, he tells us, like golden threads played with her breath; while Bassanio says of Portia:

Her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

And again, contemplating her portrait after his fortunate essay at riddle-reading—

In her hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

The sorely-tried lady in *Comus* boasts tresses like the morn, rivalling in lustrous splendour Sabrina's train of amber-dropping hair; but it is in Eve we must seek for Milton's ideal of feminine beauty, and does he not assure us that model woman

As a veil, down to the slender waist,

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls its tendrils.

Byron preferred to sing the praises of dark-haired damsels; but Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* has locks 'of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow;' and Rose Bradwardine is 'a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of pale gold.' Hood's auriferous heroine, Miss Kilmansegg, as a matter of course, had golden hair as well as a golden leg. The Laureate pictures *Aphrodite*, in the famous trial of beauty, drawing

From her warm brow and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder.

One of the charms of come-into-the-garden Maud is her sunny hair; and we are told how the shadow of the flowers stole the golden gloss from the tresses of the gardener's daughter as she stood at the garden porch. Poor wilful Elaine, so suddenly snitten with the love which was her doom, is dowered with golden ringlets; and the wronged Arthur sings plaintively of his false queen's golden hair, with which he used to play unknowing; and in blither spirit Browning harps the praises of the noblest, purest, surest woman, whose locks

Sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden plenty down her neck.

King Edward IV., a monarch extremely susceptible to the charms of womankind, seems to have had an especial liking for fair-haired ladies—the pale yellow tresses of Elizabeth Woodville helped to raise her to the royal chair as queen, and she had to be content with sharing her consort's affections with the frail goldsmith's wife of whom Drayton wrote:

They which do thy angel locks behold,
As the base dross do but respect his gold,
And wish one hair before that massy heap,
And but one lock before the wealth of Cheap.

Fair Rosamond's crisped locks are compared by an old balladist to threads of gold, and we prefer to believe him rather than the more prosaic writer who asserts

Malicious Fame reports her hair was red,
And that she smoothed it with a comb of lead.

Another ill-fated beauty, Beatrice de Cenci, was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair; and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucrezia Borgia, now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catharine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue: Miss Strickland, who possesses a ringlet taken from this queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than two hundred years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catharine's rival was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and delighted to display it for the admiration of her courtiers. Of course, her foes declared it was red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent colour to the libel—as libel it undoubtedly was, for, some half-dozen years ago, a lock of the great queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's *Arcadia* at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky, and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown colour, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

Mistress Anne Turner, the wretched tool of the titled murderers of Overbury, was famed for her yellow hair as well as her yellow starch. A rhyming admirer of her beauty, who describes her appearance after she had expiated her crime at Tyburn, says the

Locks like golden thread,

That used in youth to enshrine her globe-like head,
Hung careless down.

One world-famous lady owes her immortality to her golden hair. Petrarch's eyes, wandering at church, fell upon Laura, arrayed in a green mantle, on which her golden hair fell in plaited tresses, and his heart was won for ever—

The snare was set amid those threads of gold
To which Love bound me fast.

In the Sonnets, he is continually rhapsodising about

The bright tresses which defied

The sun to match them in his noonday pride;

while he complains

The gold and topaz of the sun on snow
Are shamed by the bright hair above those eyes,
Searing the short green of my life's vain years.

The possessors of golden hair may justly be proud of the homage paid to it by poetry and art, and its admirers may plead precedents without end

to excuse their enthusiasm. Not that any excuse is necessary, for no one with any taste would gainsay that the genuine article always was, is, and will be beautiful; but that is no reason why every black-haired and brown-haired damsel should be seized with an insane desire to play the part of the Fair One with the Golden Locks, and dye in despairing rivalry. Let them remember that the colour of her hair was the one item in his future wife's charms to which even the fastidious Benedick was indifferent; and although it may be true,

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair,

they may rest assured no such power lies in locks of the nondescript, washed-out hues the silly followers of a silly fashion have made as familiar as they are unwelcome to the eyes of men.

IN CHARGE OF TREASURE.

In the old Company's time, before railways had lightened the labours of the Anglo-Indian to the extent they have now, we unfortunate subs were kept perpetually going on duty from one end of Bengal to the other, till the habit became such second nature, that one was scarcely able to appreciate the change when promoted to the luxury of settled quarters. I had just arrived from one of these expeditions at Christmas-time, and promised myself a week at Calcutta during the races, when the route came, and I was once more ordered to proceed in charge of treasure for the payment of troops at a station some considerable distance up the country. There was no help for it: my liver, a splendid ally occasionally, refused to do anything for me just then—the medical people affirmed I was in robust health; at a time, too, when a little sallowness of complexion, or a well-furred tongue, would have been the most inestimable benefits nature could have bestowed.

I started by the Barrackpore Railway. In the same carriage with me was a fellow-passenger in the person of a coloured gentleman, who was proceeding to Calcutta also. Unlike our own men, long, solemn, and bearded, with an eye-glass and a lisp, this was a neatly-shaven, smiling, incessantly-chatting dandy; a turbaned, ringed, scented, lemon-coloured kid-gloved, agate-headed-sticked, European-coated paragon of smartness, with such a glossy appearance, that you felt inclined to rub gently against him, in the hope of catching some of the iridescent superfluities he abounded with. He was, moreover, unceasing in his civilities and courteous expressions. Did I smoke? He had an undeniably choice Havana he could offer me. I was proceeding to join my regiment he supposed. No? Ah, then engaged upon a special mission, doubtless. Was my destination far? Agra, Cawnpore, Meerut? Should I pass near Bithoor? He had a great friend there, the Nana—Nana Sahib, quite European in his tastes and habits. Would I pardon his curiosity, that he might offer me his services. Carrying treasure, was I? Really; and then, with an access of polite attention, the native gentleman threw his cigar out

of the window, and leaned forward to learn the precise destination of my rupees and mohurs. Darwah, was it? How fortunate! I should pass the vicinity of another very particular friend he had, Maun Singh. I must call upon him; I must tiffin with him; I must dine with him. Maun Singh would regard me as his most especial and distinguished guest: saying this, the native gentleman drew from a small pearl-case an enamelled card, on which was inscribed, in English characters, 'The Rao Sahib.' Pencilling a few words in Hindustani beneath this, he presented it to me, with an urgent request that I should make it available in forming the acquaintance of his hospitably-disposed friend, Maun Singh. Shortly afterwards, we arrived at Calcutta, when, after further complimentary expressions, the Rao Sahib stepped into a palkee, waved a graceful salaam, and departed.

My first duty was to report myself at Fort-William, where I received all final orders, and was duly invested with my charge, which I found already packed, and guarded by a company of sepoy, awaiting my arrival to proceed on the ensuing day. That last night I spent at the mess of the —th; but the jovial anticipations my companions indulged of the coming Christmas called forth more acerbity than sympathy from me; so I retired early, and went to bed with a strong impression that I was the worst-used and most unlucky fellow in the Honourable Company's service. At gun-fire the next morning we prepared to march: the treasure-boxes were placed on hackeries, or native carts, and behind them followed the sepoy guard, in charge of a subahdar, or native officer; whilst I, in a one-horse buggy, brought up the rear. For a certain distance, our route lay by the Grand Trunk Road, so that from meeting *dak* travellers by day, and resting at *dak* bungalows by night, the monotony was somewhat lessened and relieved. At last, however, this began to fail; travellers became 'few and far between'; and of the eternal fowls, eggs, and beer, which appeared to form the 'stock' resources of all the *dak* bungalows, I soon grew heartily tired. Sometimes I improvised a picnic, and entertained all the crows, minars, and sparrows of the neighbourhood at a succulent banquet of bread-crumbs, fowl-bones, and biscuits, and then, stretched on my charpoy, under the shade of a mango-tree, I forgot all my troubles in the fumes of a good cheroot. With the sepoys, time assumed a livelier relation. After the halt had been called, and their rations disposed of, they scattered in groups as their inclinations led them. Some played upon the sitarre or tom-tom; others gambled at percheese, a game similar to lotto; whilst the more serious ranged themselves round the subahdar, who read aloud in sonorous tones passages from the *Bagh o' Bagh*, a Hindu work of celebrity, which he delivered with considerable unction.

One evening, whilst engaged in this manner, a sepoy, running towards me, suddenly reported that a sahib was in sight, and coming down the road. Before I had well prepared to receive the stranger, a horse galloped up, and a lusty voice hailed me.

'Hullo, old fellow! where are you going, and how are you off for quinine? I'm Tod Shinar.'

He might have been the Old Man of the Mountain as far as my knowledge of Tod Shinar was concerned; but he proceeded to inform me that he was one Dr Shinar, on his way down the country

in charge of invalids, whom he had left a few miles behind.

'They are all down with intermittent fever,' he added; 'rains, heat, and miasma have done their work; and the worst of it is, we haven't a grain of quinine left. I've sent three times back to quarters for a fresh supply: the first coolie returned with poppy-heads; the second time they sent me beer; and the last one brought enough lint to supply a regiment: so now, as it's useless troubling the noodles, I'll forage for myself, and levy black-mail on every traveller who has a grain in his medicine-chest.' Dr Shinar, with undiminished volubility, then inquired my destination, what duty I was upon, and finally, whether I intended to hang out at any places on the way. 'You'll find some of the Baboos hospitable fellows,' he said; 'their curries are unexceptionable, and really the wines haven't a bad brand either.'

I had never before been in the direction, and knew no one, I was about to answer, when suddenly the card I had been furnished with for Maun Singh recurred to my mind, and I inquired if he knew such a name in the neighbourhood.

'Maun Singh; well, yes; you'll reach his bungalow in another march. He's not such a bad fellow, though there are some queer whispers about at times; but what's scandal but the delectable condiment which makes this a palatable world;' and so saying, Tod Shinar cantered off. Anything promising a change in the dull routine of our journey was scarcely to be despised. I directed the subahdar, therefore, to halt the men when we should approach the bungalow in question; and on the following evening, towards sunset, we drew near a stately European-looking house, discernible through a vista of palm and mango trees, which my sub informed me was the residence of Maun Singh. We halted at a species of lodge, similar to those we see at park entrances in England, and here we were received by a Sikh, with an enormous beard, to whom I delivered the card of the Rao. Then, after a short delay, the gates swung open, and we were admitted. Passing through an avenue of tamarind topes and orange groves, interspersed with groups of the cocoa-nut, palm, and mango, we came to the outer entrance or compound of the dwelling. Several broken statues lying about, together with a fountain that had evidently seen better days, presented a somewhat dilapidated aspect; but before I had time for a lengthened survey, Maun Singh himself advanced to greet me. He was about the middle stature, profusely affable in his demeanour and address, with small piercing eyes, and an elastic smile. He wore the loosely-fitting muslin robe and pointed oriental slippers of the country; and as I alighted from the buggy, received me with a species of exuberant cordiality. I must be fatigued and thirsty. 'Ho! bearer, brandy pawnee for the sahib.' The refreshment came grateful to my thirsty palate as a draught of nectar; and then my host, unmindful of the injunctions of the Shasters, quaffed in my honour a libation himself; after which, leading the way, he escorted me to the house.

The vestibule and rooms through which we passed exhibited the same neglected and incongruous appearance I had at first been struck with: gilded chairs and faded damask couches, cracked mirrors, and cabinets inlaid with pearl, were strangely ranged together, whilst upon the walls the same contrast was apparent. The *chefs-*

d'œuvre of some of our best masters were mingled with the commonest works of art. A marble bust of Nelson stood side by side with a plaster of Paris cast of Shakspeare; a Turner hung suspended next some daub in water-colours; whilst a carefully-finished engraving of the Queen found companionship with some woodcut prints representing certain London actors of a past age in their 'favourite characters'—completing altogether a striking picture of luxury on its last legs. Having regaled myself with that indispensable luxury of hot climates, a bath, *connoisseur* was announced to be ready, and I found a substantial repast awaiting us in the banquet-room. Here again the same absence of uniformity displayed itself—soups, fish, curries, meat, fruit, bon-bons, ice, and *entrées* of ambiguous name and doubtful nature were crowded together with an indifference to taste that would have shocked the sensibilities of Francatelli. There was, however, no lack of beer, claret, and brandy; and as conventional forms were not a *sine quid non* with me, from the medley I made a hearty meal. As the bottle replaced the viands, my host inquired whether I liked dancing.

'You English,' he said, 'dance with your own or other men's wives, and make it a great fatigue; but we lie under the punkahs, smoke our hookahs, and enjoy the nautch without such useless exertion.'

Here, doubtless, was an opportunity I had long wished for. Hitherto, my experience of the nautch had been limited to the baggy, unwashed, slatternly-looking damsels who dance at the fêtes of Calcutta Baboos. But now I had an excellent chance to witness the real article, the nautch in perfection. Upon mentioning this to Maun Singh, he at once, with evident pleasure, acquiesced in my desire; adding, that he had one dancer of great skill, a girl named Lulu, whom he had purchased for four hundred rupees of an Afghan merchant. Orders were then given for the spectacle; and we adjourned to a larger room, furnished with a railed platform at one end, upon which the dancers were to appear: hookahs were then brought; and reclining upon the easy couch, I prepared to enjoy the amusement in store with no little zest and anticipation. Some half-dozen girls soon entered, fancifully if slenderly attired. One of them, more richly ornamented than the others, attracted me. This I learned to be Lulu, the girl already mentioned by my host. Her muslin dress glittered with spangles of gold; she had also bangles of gold upon her ankles, and bracelets upon her wrists, which flashed and sparkled in the quick movements of the figure. The nautch began by a slow monotonous step, gradually increasing till it assumed a celerity rarely exhibited at home, as the girls passed and repassed each other in the dance. There were none of the *pirouettes* or *poses* so much relied upon by our *coryphées* of the footlights, but a graceful, gliding, quickening motion, altogether pleasing in the effect produced. Suddenly it changed, and Lulu, gazing fixedly at me, slowly tottered forward, and with every semblance of fatigue, sank upon the stage. Then another girl, stealthily advancing and retreating, lightly hovering for a moment round her, drew forth apparently a poniard, and plunged it into the other's breast.

The incident was so like reality in its execution, that I had started from my seat, when my attention was arrested by Maun Singh; his hookah had fallen down, and his whole features were convulsed with passion, while, turning fiercely to the khansamah

in attendance, he uttered some directions in Hindustani, which I knew had reference to the scene we had just witnessed. At the same moment, whilst he was thus engaged, Lulu bounded quickly forward, and threw at my feet a flower, which I had time to snatch up and conceal, without exciting his observation. The mere fact of receiving a flower may not ordinarily seem a significant matter, but

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves and cares ;

and this one I recognised as a token that some danger was impending, and that a friendly warning had been given me. The nautch now appeared to be ended, and Maun Singh, having recovered his habitual smiles, expressed a hope that I should sleep in the bungalow that night. He had a room provided purposely for European guests, and it would be an agreeable change from the charpoys of my tent. I declined, however, this further proffer. The incident of the nautch, the hint implied by Dr Shinar, together with the decaying aspect of everything about me, aroused my suspicions, and made it probable that the contents of my boxes had excited the cupidity of Maun Singh, who might not hesitate to attempt their appropriation. Then, as he found my resolution fixed, and that I intended to proceed at sunrise in the morning, he informed me of a nearer path cut through the jungle, which would be more direct; adding, that a coolie should be ready at daybreak to guide us by the route in question. Thanking my entertainer for his hospitality, and distributing some *bachsheesh* to the servants, I then returned to the compound, where my tent, pitched within a short distance of the hackeries, placed them completely under my observation. Everything seemed orderly and tranquil; the arms were piled, the cattle leashed together, and nothing but the tramp of the sentry placed over the treasure-boxes, and the distant howling of some pariah dogs, disturbed the silence of the night. Still, I found it impossible to sleep; a vague sense of uneasiness stole over me from time to time when I recollected the nautch-girl and the symbol I had received. Restless with thinking, I at last rose, and as I glanced through the opening of the tent, an object met my gaze that tended still more to confirm my apprehensions. Standing near the hackeries, in close conversation with the sentry, were two men. One of them, by his dress and figure, I felt little doubt was Maun Singh; but in the other, to my intense surprise, as he turned round, and the rays of the moon fell upon his features, I recognised no less a personage than the Rao Sahib, to whose introduction I was indebted for my present situation. That he should be here at the same time, and his presence hidden from me, more than ever increased my doubts that some treachery was intended with reference to the treasure and myself. For the moment, I thought of raising an alarm, and calling up the men, but this, I reflected, would be an incautious and unsoldierly proceeding, when at present I had no tangible proofs to be guided by. Examining my arms, therefore, and placing everything in readiness, I remained watching through the night till day broke, banishing with it all fears, and making me somewhat ashamed of the feelings my imagination had conjured up.

In a short time, we were again ready for the road, the cattle were harnessed, and the men

had fallen into marching-order, when the guide mentioned by Maun Singh the previous evening introduced himself, and offered to conduct us by a path, which would shorten our route by at least several miles. Of this I gladly availed myself, and with the guide in front, we once more started on our way. The new road, however, soon appeared less desirable than the old one; fallen trees impeded our progress as we advanced; deep ruts and uncleared brushwood added further obstacles; still we pushed on, and at last, as the hot sun glared out, fatigued by the jolting of the buggy and the absence of rest during the preceding night, a drowsy torpor overcame me, and I fell into a deep slumber. How long I slept, I know not; but I was abruptly startled into consciousness by loud shouts and exclamations, the flash of firearms, a sharp stinging pain in my right shoulder, followed by a heavy blow from behind, which at once stretched me senseless. From that moment, I remember nothing; a long void succeeded; and when at last I returned, as it were, to life, I found myself lying in a large chamber, with a man standing by my side gazing intently on my face. 'Ah, we shall do now,' he said, as I opened my eyes and endeavoured to speak. 'Not a word, my dear fellow; but swallow this, and then tumble off to sleep again.' By this time I had recognised Shinar, and feeling the wisdom of his advice, after taking the draught, I fell into a refreshing and lengthy sleep. When I again awoke, the room was empty; but in a few minutes Dr Shinar entered. 'Where am I? What has been the matter?' I inquired.

'Well, at present you are at Maun Singh's; and the matter is, you have had a bullet through your shoulder, and a nasty little knock upon the head, which, if nature hadn't blessed you with a very thick one, might have finished your promising career, my friend.'

'But the boxes?' I ejaculated.

'Have disappeared,' said Shinar; 'and at present we've no clue either to the robbers or the missing treasure; but I've sent an account of the affair to the nearest station, so, in a short time, we may expect down troops, though our host, who, by the way, appears terribly shocked, assures me his men are out in all directions endeavouring to trace the rascals, so there's nothing to be done but wait.'

Soon followed Maun Singh himself, expressing his sorrow at what had taken place. Robbers, he said, rarely penetrated so far, and although the broken nature of the ground precluded much evidence of the route they had gone, still he was not without hope that the miscreants might yet be found, and brought to justice. If Shinar had conceived any suspicions of our host, he at any rate said nothing, and, when we were again alone, briefly narrated the chance that had so opportunely brought him to my aid. Passing in the vicinity of the jungle, he had been startled by the firing of musketry; and as he was a businessman, never omitting an opportunity where his professional services might be of use, and thinking very possibly there was a 'case' at hand in this instance, he at once started in the direction from which the noise came. Upon reaching the spot, however, the conflict had ceased, and only the *débris* remained. Several sepoys were lying dead; the hackeries and boxes had been carried off; and close by the broken buggy he discovered me, stretched senseless from a blow on the head, which,

he unnecessarily repeated, only the thickness of my skull had protected from a fatal result. As my wounds were not of a very serious nature, I soon advanced towards convalescence, and began to await with some impatience the event of the dispatches sent off by Shinar.

Time passed slowly, and little occurred to relieve the tedium of the days. Of Lulu I neither heard nor saw anything; and when Shinar once ventured a hint that a nauteh would enliven the dull hours of the evening, Maun Singh affected not to understand him. One night, finding the heat and mosquitoes combined an insuperable obstacle to sleep, we lighted our cigars, and strolled into the garden of the bungalow. Shinar was commenting upon the conveniences of native compared with European methods in the erection of bungalows, when we came to a *ty-khana*, or vault, usually attached to dwellings of this character. 'Here, now,' he said, pointing to the opening, 'is precisely the place to perpetrate what you would call a "dark deed" in. What do you say to explore? Shall we take a trip? Saying this, he detached a lamp, hanging near, and led the way down the vault. The steps terminated in a low chamber, about thirty feet in length, and half as many broad. At the upper end, a large ledge protruded from the wall, on which were ranged a number of small lamps, similar to those placed in the tombs of Moslems. The surface of the wall under this ledge appeared quite new; but while observing it, a shout from Shinar interrupted me. 'Here's a well: what can they want with wells here? I nearly floundered into it.' Continuing the scrutiny, my eyes were attracted by something which glittered in the plaster of the wall, and as I pulled it, large portions of the clay yielding, I drew forth, to my increasing wonder and amazement, the spangled hem of a woman's dress. Calling to Shinar, whose surprise equalled my own, we each worked away at the cavity; and in a few minutes more, to our horror and consternation, a human body fell forward on the earth. There were bangles upon the ankles, and bracelets on the wrists; and as the long black hair glanced aside from the face, in the still discernible features, I recognised the nauteh-girl Lulu. She had been walled up alive! Appalled by the terrible sight before me—the fate of her whose warning I had such good reason to remember—for the moment, all my senses were paralysed by the ghastly spectacle. Shinar, however, whose nerves were not so easily affected, had recommenced demolishing the wall, and now, suddenly seizing my arm, he pointed to a new object, which at once engrossed every faculty of the mind. Within the niche from which we had exhumed the body, placed side by side, and to all appearance intact, were the lost chests—the much-coveted treasure-boxes plundered from me. For a moment, our astonishment checked all utterance, and then Shinar was the first to speak.

'We have learned so much,' he said, 'that if we are discovered, we are dead men. What shall we do?' Flight seemed the only thing; a desire to repossess the chests was strong within me, but heavy, cumbrous, and unwieldy, they presented a difficulty that appeared insurmountable.

'I have it!' ejaculated Shinar. 'Quick! there's the well; now, then, work as you never did before!' and saying this, he seized the nearest box, and by dint of our united strength, we removed it from the cavity to the well, where it dropped with a dull

heavy splash to the bottom. Perspiring and fatigued, we toiled on; and in less than an hour the last chest had been consigned to its hiding-place in the waters, and effectually concealed for the present.

'Now, then, for the stables!' said Shinar, as we stood breathless and heated with our late exertion. 'Maun Singh boasts a taste in horseflesh, and to-night we must put it to the test.'

Then cautiously remounting the steps, we stood once more in the night-air. Everything seemed quiet, and we were congratulating ourselves there were neither dogs nor stragglers about, when making our way towards the stables, we came in contact with a *syce*.

As the man approached, we seized him, and gagging his mouth, and tying his arms with his turban, and his feet with his pygammahs, we left him on the ground. Then having selected the two best horses in the stable, we silently saddled, and mounting them, rode forth. As we passed the bungalow, a window was suddenly thrown open, and in an instant more lights began to move rapidly to and fro.

'Now for it!' shouted Shinar, and putting spurs to our horses, we dashed up the avenue. At the lodge-gate, the Sikh rushed out, and attempted to oppose us, but Shinar beating him down with the butt of his whip, cleared the barrier, an example followed by myself, and then turning to the right, we thundered up the Darwah road. Long and furiously for dear life we galloped, without drawing rein; and not till day began to break did we feel all chances of pursuit were over, and that we were safe. I had now some leisure to think over the events that had recently transpired, and as I pondered, connecting link with link, the entire plot grew terribly distinct. My meeting with the Rao, and careless mention of the object of my journey, together with his secret appearance afterwards at the bungalow to which he had introduced me, made it palpable that he had been a confederate in the whole affair. Then, again, the warning I had received from Lulu, which had not escaped the penetration of her master, accounted fearfully for that deed in the recesses of the *ty-khana*. The boxes must have been placed there but as a temporary measure, destined, when the investigation should have subsided, to recruit the finances of Maun Singh. That we should yet capture the scoundrel, I ardently trusted; and our joy was considerable when towards the close of the day the sound of a cavalry bugle broke upon our ears, and in a few minutes more we met a squadron of dragoons, accompanied by a magistrate, on their way to Maun Singh's, as Shinar had requested. Our story was soon told, and then no delay was made in pushing forward. When, however, we reached the bungalow, it was deserted, and few traces of its late occupants remained. For some months, Maun Singh, in the fastnesses of the Sunderbunds, contrived to elude pursuit, till the mutiny broke out, when he joined the enemy, and was finally hanged beside the Mogul rebels, the day Sir Archdale Wilson entered Delhi.

Some time afterwards, I happened to be on duty with my regiment at C—. The troops were drawn up under arms, for a terrible lesson was that day to be impressed upon the natives—two of the rebel leaders were to be blown away from guns. Amid solemn silence, the condemned men were brought forth; and as they were being tied, in the

features of the one nearest, though writhing and distorted at his impending fate, I recognised my former acquaintance and *ex-devant* fellow-traveller, the Rao Sahib.

BELL GOSSIP.

THERE are some competent artistic observers who contend that bells were the origin, the cause, the ruling motive, of one of the most important parts of a Christian church—perhaps the most important, in regard to external appearance. The Rev. J. H. Sperling, in a paper read recently before the Architectural Institute, dwells at considerable length on the influence of the turret, campanile, or bell-tower in determining the character of a church. As a means of summoning the faithful to mass (there were no Protestant churches, because no Protestants, in those days), or to bid them pray wherever they might be, a bell was needed with a sound that would reach to a distance; and this could only be insured by placing it in a tower at some elevation. The Gothic architects made everything contribute to the design of their cathedral and churches; and this elevation of the bell was just the thing to call forth their ingenuity. They made the bell-tower one of the chief features in their design. It was often entirely detached from the building, and was known generally as the campanile. Examples of this are observable at Canterbury and Chichester cathedrals, at Beccles, at Ledbury, and at West Walton in Norfolk. Salisbury Cathedral had originally a campanile; but modern wiseacres, who thought they knew better than the men of old, removed it. The central towers of cathedrals and churches were intended as lanterns to let in light, not as turrets to contain bells: this was a later innovation. Many towers have been altered from their original purpose to convert them into bell towers, but injuriously—as at Winchester and Ely. Mr Sperling, as a matter of usefulness as well as of style, advocates the detached or semi-detached campanile; and recommends architects to direct their attention more frequently to this matter.

Another way in which church bells manifest, if not a scientific or artistic, at least a historical value, is in their connection with the saints of the Catholic church; they are still existing records of a very old ecclesiastical custom. The bell of a church was frequently, if not generally, named after the patron saint of that church; and if there were more bells than one, the lowest in tone was named after the patron saint, and the others after saints to whom altars, shrines, or chapels within the edifice were dedicated. Probably, in such case, each bell was appropriated to the service of its own particular saint; for the use of many bells in a *peal* is comparatively modern. At Durham Cathedral, and at the church of St Bartholomew the Great near Smithfield, are (or were recently) examples of a family of bells receiving names bearing special relation to the particular fabric for which they were intended.

Archæologists claim for church bells a certain value in regard to the inscriptions which they nearly always bear, and which serve as so many guide-posts directing to facts belonging to past ages. Each great bell-founder (and many of them belonged to monastic institutions) had his own particular style of ornamentation, and his own favourite inscription, monogram, or epigraph.

Sometimes it was only his own name; sometimes a name and a date; sometimes a pious ejaculation. The towns of Norwich, Lynn, Colchester, Salisbury, &c., had all celebrated families of bell-founders, in the days when the later Gothic cathedrals and churches were built. The earliest known dated bell is at Fribourg, bearing the year 1258, and the inscription: 'O Rex Glorie, veni cum pace: me resonante, pia populo succurre Maria.' The oldest in England is supposed to be that at Duncton in Sussex, dated 1319. London can boast one a little over four centuries old, at All Hallows Staining, Mark Lane. The inscriptions on the bells, in the days when saints patronised them, were mostly in Latin, in most cases including the entreaty 'Ora pro nobis' (Pray for us). Sometimes the mottoes adverted to the many uses which church bells subserved, such as:

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

Even this did not exhaust the list; for we meet with an enumeration of nearly twenty purposes answered by church bells—some of which we should be little disposed to recognise in these scientific days of ours. The following is not an actual motto on a bell, but a monkish elegy on the subject:

En ego Campana, nunquam denuntio vana,
Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos plango, vivos voco, fulmina frango,
Vox mea, vox vite, voco vos, ad sacra venite.
Sanctos collaudo, tonitrua fugo, funera claudio,
Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbatha pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Occasionally, some of the more peculiar of these uses were expressed in English:

Sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow,
Marriage to-day, and Death to-morrow.

They generally lose their point when they lose their Latinity.

The mottoes on old bells, other than those which were dictated by the reverential feeling of the middle ages, comprise instances of vanity, ignorance, and silliness, such as would hardly be expected in these matters. Sometimes a kind of moral aphorism is attempted, with more or less success:

Mankind, like us, too oft are found
Possessed of nought but empty sound.
When backward rung, I tell of fire;
Think how the world shall thus expire.
When souls are from their body torn,
'Tis not to die, but to be born.

One, very short, bids us to

Embrace trow musick.

A bell-founder named Pleasant used to put all kinds of punning mottoes on his bells, suggested by his name. Some record the financial virtues of the persons who supplied the money for casting the bell:

I'm given here to make a peal,
And sound the praise of Mary Neale.
All ye who hear my solemn sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.

Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell:

I'll surely do my part as well.

The name of the founder is sometimes supplanted

by that of the churchwarden, or they may appear in companionship :

John Martin of Worcester he made wee,
Be it known to all that do wee see.
John Draper made, as plainly doth appeare,
This bell was broake and cast againe wíth tyme
churchwardens were,
Edward Dixon for the one whoe stode close to his
tacklin,
And he that was his partner then was Alexander
Tacklyn.

The rhymster was evidently driven to his wits' end by the name of Tacklyn. Some had a touch of loyalty in them :

God save the Church,
Our Queen, and Realme,
And send us peace in Xⁱ.

The following are examples of a more or less childish class, marvels to find perpetuated in hard metal :

My sound is good, my shape is neat ;
Perkins made me all complete.

I am the first, although but small,
I will be heard above you all.

I sound aloud from day to day ;
My sound hath praise, and wed it may.

I ring to Sermon with a lusty boom,
That all may come, and none may stay at home.

Pull on, brave boys ; I am metal to the backbone.
I'll be hang'd before I'll crack.

The letters of the inscription are not, as some persons may suppose, cut or engraved on the metal by hand : they are formed in *intaglio*, or sunk in the sand of the mould, and thus appear in relief on the outside of the bell when cast. What can be done in this way by that strange people the Chinese, may be seen in the British Museum ; we might search long enough to find an English bell equal in elaborate ornamentation to the Chinese bell there deposited.

The musical *tone* of a bell unquestionably depends on the scientific principles of acoustics as applied to music. The pitch of any one bell is determined conjointly by the size and the thickness. Of two bells equally large, the thicker gives the higher note ; of two bells equally thick, the smaller gives the higher note. But then bell-founders look to the *quality* of the tone as well as to the pitch ; and on this point there is much divergence of opinion among them. Concerning the metal used, some combination of copper and tin predominates in nearly all church bells ; generally from two to three times as much copper as tin. Small additions of other metals are occasionally made, according to the theoretical views of the founder. The popular belief, that silver improves the tone of a bell, is pronounced by Mr Sperling and Mr Denison to be a mistake ; if added in large quantity, it would be as bad as so much lead ; if in small quantity, it does neither good nor harm. Whether there is or is not really silver in two well-known bells, called the 'Acton Nightingale' and the 'Silver Bell' of St John's College, Cambridge, it is believed by these authorities that the sweetness of tone is due to other causes. A feeling of piety probably influenced the wealthy persons who, in old days, were wont to cast silver into the furnace containing the

molten bell-metal. Mr Sperling thinks that the old bells were, as a rule, better than the modern, by having more substance in them—obtaining depth and fulness of tone by largeness in height and diameter, rather than by diminishing the thickness at the part where the hammer or clapper strikes. 'Nothing is more easily starved than a church bell.' A long-waisted bell (high in the sides) is considered to give forth a more resonant tone than a shallow or low waist, because there is more metal to act as a kind of sounding-board ; but a lower bell is easier to ring in a peal ; hence, as Sperling thinks, a reason for the difference in the richness of tone in old and modern bells. There are indications that the old founders sometimes tuned a set of bells in what is called the *minor* mode, the source of much that is tender and plaintive in Scotch and Irish melodies ; but in our days they are always in the *major* mode. Where the ringing is done by clock-work, the sounds of several bells constitute a *chime* ; where by hand, a *peal* ; but in either case the actual tone or note of each bell is fixed beforehand. It is by many persons believed that the quality of the tone is improved by age, owing to some kind of molecular change in the metal : this is known to be the case in some old organs, and in instruments of the violin class, in the metal of the one and the wood of the other ; and so far there is analogy to support the opinion. For good peals of bells, the founders generally prefer D or E as the note for the tenor or largest bell.

As to largeness in a bell, its intention bears relation rather to *loudness* than to *pitch*, as a means of throwing the sound to a great distance. This is the reason for the mighty bells that we are told of—St Paul's weighing something like 13,000 lbs. ; Antwerp, 16,000 lbs. ; Oxford, 17,000 lbs. ; Rome, 18,000 lbs. ; Mechlin, 20,000 lbs. ; Bruges, 23,000 lbs. ; York, 24,000 lbs. ; Cologne, 25,000 lbs. ; Montreal, 29,000 lbs. ; Erfurt, 30,000 lbs. ; 'Big Ben,' at the Houses of Parliament, 31,000 lbs. ; Sens, 34,000 lbs. ; Vienna, 40,000 lbs. ; Novgorod, 69,000 lbs. ; Pekin, 119,000 lbs. ; Moscow, 141,000 lbs. ; and, giant of all the giants, another Moscow bell weighing 192 tons, or 430,000 lbs. Our own Big Ben is more than twice as heavy as our own St Paul's bell, which used to be regarded as one of our wonders ; and its sound travels much further ; but whether its quality of tone is equal, is a point on which opinions differ. The history of the two Big Bens must be more or less familiar to most of our readers—how that three Chief Commissioners of Works, and two architects, and three bell-founders, and two bell-doctors, quarrelled year after year ; how that both the Bens cracked, and got into disgrace ; how that one of them recovered its voice again ; and how that we have paid the piper to the tune of something like four thousand pounds for the two Big Bens and the four smaller bells. If a musical reader wishes to know, he may be told that the four quarter-bells give out the notes B, E, F \sharp , G \sharp , and that Big Ben's tone is E, an octave below the first E.—Remember, when Big Ben is heard six miles off, it is half a minute behind time, seeing that sound takes about half a minute to travel that distance.

As to *bell-ringing*, the adepts insist upon it that this is a science ; and they give it the name of *Campanology*. We all know, ever since we learned about Permutation and Combination

at school, that if there are six, eight, ten, or any number of distinct things, we may arrange them in an enormous number of ways, each way differing from every other. The things in this case are bells, of different tones; and according to the order in which they are struck by the hammer or clapper, so many changes may we produce. Out of the almost infinite number of these changes, campanologists select certain groups which to their ear seem most musical and agreeable; and these changes are known by the names of their proposers or inventors, just as we speak of a work by a great artist. It is not clearly known whether change-ringing began earlier than the seventeenth century; but it is certain that the art is practised much more in England than in any other country. There are peals from two or three to ten or twelve bells. Sixteen of twelve bells, and fifty of ten bells, are mentioned in the books as peals now existing in England. The largest peals now in England are at Bow Church, Exeter, and York, each of ten bells; at Bow Church and at York they vary from eight hundredweights to fifty-three hundredweights each; at Exeter from eight to sixty-seven hundredweights. From these weights, it must be evident that it is no small labour for men to pull such bells for several hours at a time. Just as the achievements of celebrated pedestrians and race-horses are placed upon record, so are the fraternity proud to refer to the bell-ringing exploits of their crack pullers. Twenty-four changes per minute are frequently reached. We are told that, in 1787, 5040 changes were rung in three hours and a quarter; and that on other occasions there were 6876 changes rung in four hours and a quarter, 7000 in four hours, 10,008 in six hours and three quarters, 14,224 in eight hours and three quarters, and (the *magnum opus*) 40,320 changes rung by thirteen men in twenty-seven hours, working in relief gangs. In one of the old churches, North Parret in Somerset, the belfry contains a set of rhyming rules, purporting that a sixpence fine shall be imposed on the ringers for cursing or swearing, for making a noise or telling idle stories, for keeping on their hats, for wearing spurs, or for overturning the bell. This overturning does sometimes occur, even to the loss of life. One ringer was killed about the time when his brother was drowned; and the following delectable epitaph records the double catastrophe:

These 2 youths were by misfortune surrounded;
One died of his wound, and the other was drowned.

Whether bell-ringing is really a science, or whether it is only an ingenious art, as most people would prefer to call it, certainly the technical terms are most profuse and puzzling. Let the reader make what he can out of the following, taken at random from one of the books on the subject: Treble lead, plain work, course, call word, reverse method, direct method, double method, balance, hold up, cut down, following, handstroke, rounds, backstroke, plain hunt, touches, course ends, hunting up, hunting down, place making, dodging, double dodging, Bob doubles, singles, observation, grandsire doubles, slow course, principle, Bob minor, double Bob minor, treble Bob, superlative surprise, wrong way, Bob triple, tittums, Bob caller, Bob major, double Bob major, treble Bob major, Bob caters, grandsire caters, Bob royals, Bob cinquies, Bob maximus, treble Bob maximus. Bob certainly seems to be in the ascendant here.

When the reader has marvelled at these funny names, let him try to understand the directions for ringing one particular set of changes: 'Call two Bobs on 9, 0, x; bring them round. Or, if the practitioner pleases, he may call the tenth and eleventh to make the ninth's place; the former will be a six before the course end comes up. Then a Bob when the tenth and eleventh dodge together behind completes it. In this course the bells will be only one course out of the tittums'—which it is very satisfactory to hear. Once more; and here we would ask whether the directions do not suggest the idea of a damsel going through a sort of country-dance with seven swains all rejoicing in the name of Bob? 'When the seventh has been quick, call a Bob when she dodges the right way behind, which will make her quick again; then, if the sixth goes up before the seventh, keep her behind with Bobs, until the seventh comes up to her; but if the sixth does not go up before the seventh, call her the right way behind again, and the sixth is sure to be up before her next time.' After a little more of these extraordinary evolutions—If not out of course, Bob with the seventh down quick till the fourth comes home; if out of course, a single must be called when the seventh goes down quick, to put them right. But if it happens that the fourth is before the fifth comes home, call when the seventh does her first whole term, and down quick with a double.'—And we hope that they lived happy ever afterwards.

LOVE.

A DIAMOND in the darkness sparkling bright;
A nightingale that singeth all the night;
A kiss that soothes the overburdened heart—
Such, Love, in heaviness and gloom thou art.
Nothing can put thy hovering wings to flight;
Thou wilt not hear if any say 'Depart!'
But like the little wood-flower's coloured light
That smiles in thorns, dost nestle where things smart.

Pure dew! (of what possessing fondness!) dropped
From Eden's lovely summer in the soul!
Even men that are as branches dead and lopped
Feel thee, and wish the half-lit years would roll,
And bring the day in whose all-brightening flood
Love, timid love, now closing like a bud,
Shall open so that sweetness and delight
Will banish every spot of grief, of sin, and everything
like night.

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